

down into a gorge with a small winding river. On the banks were vivid shades of green mosses, ferns, and the brilliance of the yellow marsh marigolds. On each side of us were the lacy pines and we ran down the road drinking in the piney smell. There were Killarney rocks too. At the bends we peaked out to get another view of the water in the distance. Imagine the hour, and the lights just beginning to appear. The electric bill in Norway must be a delight to an American. We could see the water in the distance and the island still faintly out-lined. It was the most beautiful sight, and in the sunshine must have been superb. It almost made you feel like a King on the mountains.

Our cars came along and our faithful Buicks picked us up. Our Bolsheviki wasted no gas, but coasted all the way down, hoping the brakes would last. They did. My life being already insured, I was safe. We passed another country place of the Kings and saw the guard at the gate. The old boy didn't come to greet us so we moved on. We saw the museum, so many buildings and so odd and different. Again we regretted the hour and wished it were open. Our driver took us to the yacht harbour and we noticed hundreds of dingy and sail boats about. It was a charming picture. What appeared to me a brilliant house boat was brightly lighted up but I later discovered it a pier and a long walk out to it. It was growing late and we had to make our way to the boat passing down the main street again. The people seemed to look the same. The women wore their dresses briefly but the men had rather dowdy looking hats and no baggy trousers.

The theatres were lovely, a very beautiful building by themselves. We got back around eleven o'clock and to our disgust the boat didn't leave until twelve. We watched them unload, there were many cranes swinging boxes thru the air, and seemed to stop always at the correct angle and the exact spot. It was amazing. At length our boat backed out, turned and made our way out. It was after mid-night and the sky only varied shades of grey. While retiring I could look out and easily see the fort at the narrowest spot (that has become so famous). It was on an island, joined to another by a bridge. The banks were built up, the tops very green with grass. There were cannons protruding and it was most impressive (remember it was one of these cannons that shot, I think it was the Deutschland, battleship in WW II). It was at the gateway of the narrower fjord. Although nearly two when we went to bed, it was quite like our dawn.

June 10, 13 days--unlucky? I guess not!

I'll say I dressed in a hurry and got my things packed. I had a huge breakfast. Then did some writing. After lunch we took pictures. I got a nice one of the artist and his wife with a smart cigar. Of course it clouded in the afternoon and rained buckets in the afternoon. Just before dinner we passed very near the castle of Kronborg. Here Shakespeare had the play of Hamlet and Ophelia. We could see it very distinctly. It had many of the most curious towers, tiny windows and what appeared to be a

brick wall was round about the building. There was an old moat or canal to safe guard it. The roof sloped sharply and was a pale green colour. The walls were a drab shade with age. Many new buildings were being built. It was the Castle's 500th Anniversary and great plays of Hamlet are to be produced during July. On the other side were the clear shores of Sweden. Contrasting with Denmark it showed the mountains in the distance but standing out in fascination were the old windmills slowly turning. It was most picturesque and a lovely sight. On closer view with the glasses the King's country residence could be seen, a red building with many balconies and a green roof. Sail-boats were passing the boat enjoying the pouring rain. There were so many there might have been a race. A pilot tug came out and towed us into harbour. Then we made the smartest landing, stern first and found mobs on the dock. The faces were priceless. Not one word could we understand but expressions were all we needed. One poor lad was exquisite in the pouring rain, no umbrella, his soft hat in many folds about his head, the water teaming off, but he was handsomely clothed in a smile. His bouquet was of yellow (buttercups?) flowers and other woody species, still he waved frantically and beamed all over. It greeted us all. At last we landed--slow-and-stately. Then we waited--and waited--and then some, for our bags. The room was all lettered off and you had to collect the baggage under the letter. After weary hours spent in line claiming it and an officer inspected it and insisted on talking Danish to my horror. My lock misbehaved so that he could

not open my suit case, so passed it anyway. Nice lad that Dane! On our way to the hotel the taxi was stopped and our baggage again examined for inspection marks. No chance for escape here. We were simply dead when we reached the hotel. I was a lucky devil with a nice single room. A wash stand you could bath in. A writing table desk, three chairs, wardrobe and bed, all mahogany. The beds are very comfortable, I'd like to sleep in them all day. They have padded foots so your feet won't wiggle out the end. The kind Bert [brother] should have. The double rooms are a scream. Twin beds, jammed together with only one top cover for the two. I'll say we slept like logs and not even the noise on the cobble street below bothered me until early morn.

June 11

Two Danish girls took us out to Institute Physical Training. One called Karn (pronounced Con) taught in New York one year. The school had been recently build by Knudsen. Miss Langtree (our teacher at Margaret Eaton) considered him her patron saint. It was modern in every sense. Both boys and girls attended but had separate gyms.

Photo

It was built on Bukhs plan, with a beautiful garden court between the wings (1 & 2). One wing (1) was a gym for the boys, the other for the girls. I have never seen such a beautifully equipped gym. The walls were white, the windows on both side high up and to my horror closed. We were about to see a lesson and still they remained closed. We all noticed this and commented. It was as usual they said. Niels Bukh did the same to start his class. It did not take so long to warm up the class, then about half way thru they were opened and it proved to be much better. The girls of Denmark did not seem to be the exceptionally heavy kind we had imagined, but were nimble, loose and very light. This was a class of Knudsen's who used to be very strictly Swedish. It was far different from our MES and more of Neils Bukh. They started off in his manner by entering singing. Not the formal marching of Miss Langtree. During the lesson, folk dances were introduced and you could tell everyone enjoyed them. These girls were to be normal teachers of Phys. Ed. Unlike our public schools, they all had gymnasiums. We were taken thru the classrooms, equipped to perfection. For kinesiology they had nearly life size figures, white with the muscles showing out in red. Another had all the organs (artificial of course) that could be removed one at a time so you could see how each was placed. The pictures were most noticeable. All Greek statues and old historic figures. The instructress there took us over to see a typical public school where the poor children of Copenhagen attended. To our surprise

it was the most lovely big building of red brick and the usual attractive red roof. It was covered with vines and gave it more the distinguished appearance of a boarding school. The children were not like our poor. They were nicely dressed, very clean and the greater number fair with bright blue eyes. The most striking feature appeared there capability in not having to be told by teachers where to go and how. They marched along hand in hand, and even outside were in straight lines ready for the teacher when she finally came. We were showed the kitchen--our domestic science room. Here the girls wore neat little caps, three corners meeting at the back with a little lace on the edge. The girls were making butter cakes--like our muffins--and we were treated. They were very good! It was the seventh grade of the school. The teachers spoke a little English and were so kind to us.

After lunch we went sight seeing in a huge bus. It was a bright afternoon and we were able to take pictures. We passed the royal palace where the guards stood in their tall bear skin caps. There was a moat around for protection but was used for fishing boats. At the water edge there were many varied masted boats. Dad would have enjoyed it. Some fishing boats, others real old time schooners, and a few with the appearance of the Ancient Viking bows. We saw the Palace of the exiled Russians, one the Mother of the Czar. It seems she is not exceedingly popular, although we were not told why. I believe she is a stiff old aristocrat. The yacht club was a colourful spot. Spacious

verandas and bright umbrellas, the usual tables outside. As we got out in the country the thatched houses appeared; old but so attractive. You could see how each was placed. We stopped at Deer Haven and walked into the most lovely meadows. The trees were low and branchy. The trunks were very wide and thick. Some trees were in blossom. This place lived up to its name and we came upon a herd of deer. They were darker than our red deer and a few were a pure white. We could get close enough to take their pictures. (Our next episode will tell what happened in a murderous way in this beautiful garden [not given].)

On our way home we passed the "little seas" (small lakes) which gave the appearance of Venice with the houses on each side. There were a variety of ducks and swans in the water and the Pavilion at the end gave a picturesque appearance. That night we went to Tivoli (not like the Toronto Theatre). I had no idea what it was like. It kept light so long in the evening we did not go until late. It was a gorgeous spot. An amusement place, Coney Island, Atlantic City & Sunnyside mixed up into a perfect bundle. What was most striking was their use of nature to beautify the place. They had gorgeous flower beds, all kinds and colours imaginable. There was a lovely lake with glassy water reflecting exactly like a mirror. Along the banks were half circles of electric light which when lighted would look like starry hoops in the water. Men rowed people about in big awkward boats but it looked a bit tame. The most popular pastime was eating. Cafes and restaurants all about. All had tables outside

too, and each one different. The only nasty thing about it was 10% tax on all food which made your bill to skyrocketing. They didn't mind that as the people looked happy with their glass of beer of what-not. Some were huge glasses too. First we went on the roller coaster. The front-seat of course. The railway was thru a rocky mountain. We saw the moon on top, and looked down into a burning red crater, then we'd pass a house and go plop, our breath leaving us entirely, the jumps weren't very bad as there were brakes on the car. Lastly we went thru a very dark tunnel which proved interesting to a couple behind us as we could watch the lighted cigar. Next we explored the hall of mirrors, everything was green, the walls etc. (me too). I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks. It was a howl. One minute I was a dwarf, the next a giant, one time my hat stretched to an enormous height, and then my shoes grew to huge proportions. Another room was all red and just as funny. There was a fountain and on inspecting it there was a penny in the bottom and if picked up gave you the nicest electric shock. There were all kinds of side shows and a very beautiful concert hall. The lights were brilliant and the crowd grew as the place got darker. We watched the people dance. Some were funny. A man went about watching and speaking to any who jiggled too much. There was a variety of dancing there all right. We had tea up in an old japanese pagoda, just over the lake and we had a fine view of everything. We went home dead tired.

June 12

Got up early then went down town exploring the shops. I got a few odd Danish silver trinkets, cuff-links and a pin but saw heaps of lovely things. We met several people off the boat, one George Mogensen took us about and sent a cable to Mother for me, only 8 words at 15 cents per. He was an engineer at Northern Telegraph Co. of Shanghai China. He was awfully nice. We had lunch at an old restaurant across from the Royal Opera House. We ordered fried mackerel with difficulty and after waiting decades got a serving of maccaroni as it sounded more like mackerel. They did not understand English. Finally we did get what we wanted and did not mind waiting as we saw such funny sights. Such dresses! One old lady had a man's black fedora, a feather on top and query tinted. She wore a heavy bordered black veil. Her suit was tweed with belt of twisted silk ala kimono style. Gee it was smart. There was a great many Queen Mary style. Some boasted puff sleeves.

photo

We could watch the many bicycles and it was a marvel how they

hammed in traffic. Hundred of 'em too. After lunch we wandered about to different shops and strange streets. In one shop we found priceless old brass kettles of fifteenth century monogrammed Fred VI period. They were interesting. Walking along we came to a queer round tower it was huge and we could see small figures of people above. There was no sign outside. Across the road were barracks of 1624 so we thought the tower might be an old relic of a prison. We tried the door. It was open. A man inside asked 2 for 25 ore. He couldn't speak or understand a word of English so we decided to investigate. There were no steps but a prick path wound round and round like a spiral lighthouse. There were many windows and seats to rest. We went on and on and on although there were many signs we could not read a word. Finally we did reach the top and went out on the balcony. There we got a priceless view of the city. We imagined it a look-out of some kind. The roofs of the buildings were fascinating. All different shapes, but mostly red. Three were court yards in nearly every building. From here we found our hotel and also that we were wondering in entirely the opposite direction. We mapped out our course and started home. Going down we passed 47 windows on one side. On wandering up a side street we saw a sign "Admiral Gjeddles Guard." We snooped about and found the prettiest tea room yet. The usual brightly painted table and chairs and odd table clothes. This place was once a historical head quarters in 17 something. It was still most interesting. The sings on the streets were so odd. the



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